

[**under sad stars, we dream of black holes**](#) by [**panlover**](#)

Series: [do u believe in bilieve \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Holding Hands, M/M, Soz, Stargazing, This is short but there will be more, What-If, i felt as tho it needed to end there, idk just something small but cute and sad, what the fuck are emotions even

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Stars - Character, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/ Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-19

Updated: 2017-12-19

Packaged: 2022-04-03 14:53:34

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 499

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

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The two teenagers lie on their backs, staring up at the dark sky in silence. Their hands are entwined, palms sweaty--sticky, almost. But neither dare to retract their hands, for the warmth of the other's touch brings warmth to their own hearts.

It's queer, they both know it is. It's wrong, but it doesn't feel like it in the moments like these. So warm, so full of love. It's now, yet both hope it'll go on longer, longer--forever.

Forever doesn't exist, they know. They've been told that all their lives, they've been shown it--fuck, they've said it themselves. Humans can't do forever. Their love is temporary, just like any other emotion. Their life is temporary, no matter how hard some try to stay.

So they know that that hope is hopeless but they still dream, because dreams are kind when reality refuses to be so.

"I wonder if stars get lonely," Steve whispers up at the sky, as if he's whispering to the stars themselves. He wonders what they'd say if they could hear him. With a sigh, he brings their hands to his chest. Billy's eyes follow the slow, languid movement as his brain tries to catch up.

Distracted by the slight movement of Steve's chest, he blinks. He laughs. It's too abrupt--late--but he continues anyway. "Stars don't have feelings, Stevie. They couldn't care less about our silly, human emotions."

Steve turns toward the boy he didn't expect to answer, the blanket ruffling underneath them. His eyes wide, trying to grasp and memorize every detail of his expressive face in the sparse light the moon provides. "But what if they did?"

"But they *don't*." He laughs softer this time, meeting the wandering eyes.

“But what if they *did*?” Steve tries again, a pout starting to form onto his face. He grips onto his hand tighter as his voice grows higher--passionate. “What if they had *star* emotions that just so happened to be similar to ours? How do you think they’d feel?”

Billy can’t help but smile and shake his head, turning back toward the night sky. “I think...” he pauses, eyes moving in a way that shows he’s searching for the right words. It takes a moment for him to find them. “I think then...yes, they’d feel whatever it is that’s equivalent to our loneliness. They’re just stuck there, not moving. Still. Alone in the dark. Blind. Cold.”

“Sad,” Steve whispers, staring at his *whatever*’s profile.

“Yeah.” Billy turns back to him. “Good thing we aren’t stars.”

Steve smiles a sad smile. “You don’t have to be a star to be sad.”

Billy stays silent, staring into his boyfriend’s eyes. He searches for *something*. He turns back to the stars when he doesn’t find it.

The two teenagers drive home in relative silence. The radio is on the usual station, but neither is listening. They’d rather pay attention to their own beating hearts, wondering if the other’s will ever catch up.